

It Was Some Blizzard, Says Ellis Harrison

Calling all Duxburyites in Florida, Nassau and Tucson: The savage northeaster that struck New England on the afternoon of Feb. 27 lashed Duxbury with a fury that Walter Prince and Eben Briggs compared to the St. Valentine's Day blizzard of 1940, paralyzing traffic and leaving dozens stranded. Mrs. Elizabeth Mosher was late with the evening newspapers, there was no night mail and the stores were as deserted as a refrigerator when mother is away. The commuters had it rough. Leaving Boston around four, Charles Brooks plowed his car into his driveway on Washington St. shortly after 9 p. m. Those who left a little later had it rougher. It took Warren Stetson four and a half hours to drive from Sears Garage in Boston to his home on Stetson Lane. Here are some of the mishaps and experiences we've heard of:

When his wife phoned from Quincy to say she was marooned, Kenneth Garside drove almost three hours through the blinding snowstorm. "I found her standing in front of a gin mill discussing religion with a drunk," he said. It was easier driving home, but it wasn't easy.

George Newitt's car, like many another Duxbury car, was completely snowed in.

Robert Pierce, who brought the Clipper down from South Braintree, averaged about eight miles an

hour. One unidentified Duxbury car tried to pass another and landed in a ditch.

The cellar in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Nass was flooded to a depth of three feet, when Bluefish River overflowed into his yard. According to Loren, it was higher than the last hurricane tide shortly after 1:30 a. m. The water splashed over Bluefish River bridge and flooded the street in front of the Cable Office. Loren's sump pump put in a full day

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Thursday.

When some wires went down on Powder Point Ave. there was a one-way traffic snarl and cars had to back up. One Powder Point resident got stuck four times in drifts on the way to her garage. Willis Bagley came to her aid every time with his four-wheel-drive jeep.

Around 12:15 your roving reporter and Dr. Starr crossed Long Bridge to the outer beach via King Caesar Rd. Brethren, the wind was really whistling during the crossing, and the drift that was waiting at the end of the bridge was about four feet high. Enjoyed sloshing around in the jets of surf breaking through the gut made in the previous storm. High, angry breakers you could scarcely see through the white swirl. Tide was still coming, so time to be going. Unable to turn around, had to drive backwards across the bridge. Easy if you hold the door open. Drove through several inches of water in the flat front along King Caesar Rd. Robert Stanton, Fox's schooner, Evening Star, on a level with the road, a sight to behold, as was the Olympic II on Bluefish River.

The New England Tel. and Tel. lost its electric power at 5:30 p. m. Wednesday, got it back at 6 a. m. Thursday, but had only two stations out. Company employees used a portable auxiliary generator to keep things percolating, but in Marshfield four telephone poles were down in the Ocean Bluffs area, taking the cable with them. But during the blizzard they were still serviceable!

It was 7 p. m. when Ellis Harrison dropped Rodney Wood off at his home on Standish St. On his way to Sagamore Rd to deposit Mrs. Warren Wentworth and her daughter, Ann, he saw a waist-high snowdrift in the middle of the road at the little bridge over Brewer's Creek. "It was clear on the other side, so I tried to plow the car through," Ellis said. "That's where it stayed until the town plow truck moved it one side a couple of hours later. We walked home. I fell down a couple of times, but finally made it." (Ellis lives at the end of Standish Shore on Massasoit Rd., quite a hike.—Ed.) Meanwhile, Waldo Herick got stuck and when Willie tried to pull him out he got stuck himself. That's the kind of night it was, mates. In places even chains, tow ropes and four-wheel drives were powerless against the fury of that northeaster.